



VERY ADAPTABLE.

"Now, NURSE, I'M THE NOBLE KNIGHT. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD BE THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MAIDEN IN DISTRESS?"
 "LOR! OF COURSE, MASTER DICK."

ALFRED AUSTIN TO THE RESCUE.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Dreadful as the mere statement sounds, I fear there can be no doubt that on this Transvaal question the judgment of foreign nations is not in accordance with our own. It is not merely the French who indulge themselves in the accustomed luxury of denouncing our conduct and impugn- ing our motives. That we could understand, for it is not in the nature of things that the French, whom we have lately been trouncing with some vehemence over their behaviour to the unfortunate DREYFUS, should neglect so glorious an opportunity of paying us back in our own coin, of holding us up to the Universe as tricksters, liars, and servants of the Mammon of unrighteousness. But from Russia, from Holland, from Austria, from Belgium, from Italy, from Portugal, and even from Germany there comes a chorus of detestation directed at Great Britain, at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at Mr. BALFOUR and even, Heaven help us, at Sir ALFRED MILNER, which must be both painful and perplexing to those who have been industriously assuring us that we had on our side not merely the conscience of our own Empire, but the conscience of civilised mankind.

The ordinary Briton, of course, troubles himself very little about the approval or the condemnation that a foreigner may pronounce upon his conduct. When he himself declares that Russians are liars or Frenchmen rogues he has the profound conviction that he is uttering a truth, and that his utterance of it ought to make Frenchmen or Russians quiver with humiliation. But when the Frenchman or the Russian retorts JOHN BULL is complacent. He knows why they attack him: it is because these foreigners, poor blinded, bigoted creatures that they are, envy JOHN BULL and gasp with impotent rage at the spectacle of his wealth, his manliness, his beauty, his

freedom, his Birmingham statesmen, his loud, strong voice—all the qualities, in fact, that make JOHN BULL superior to the beggarly remnant of humanity, whose ignorance he pities, and whom he proposes to go on despising.

It appears, however, that Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN has been pained to the inmost recesses of his sensitive being by the unfavourable comments of some of our German friends. ALFRED is a Laureate; he occupies an official position; he knows all about the Royal Family, whose domestic incidents are supposed to provide him with perpetual inspiration; he is on easy terms with Dukes and Cabinet Ministers; he knows how things are done; he keeps watch and ward over the British Empire, and not even a German shall presume to criticise that Empire without laying himself open to pretty nearly a full printed column, not of poetry, to be sure, since even ALFRED tempers a just severity with a merciful consideration for a foe's feelings, but of solid, self-laudatory, argumentative prose from ALFRED'S temporarily depoetised pen.

But how blessed, how touching is the modesty of our ALFRED! His German correspondent had spoken of ALFRED as one who had "the double capacity of statesman and poet." ALFRED puts all this by; he will have none of it; he cannot, he says, "in the least agree with what you much too partially say in your letter." Not a statesman, he seems to murmur in a sweet and blushing confusion, only a leader-writer on the *Standard*, better informed, it may be, than most statesmen, but let that pass; not a poet, oh no, only a writer of sonnets, odes, ballads, and dramatic pieces, which for fire and force, and real afflatus—but, tush, I must dissemble. However, of course, ALFRED knew that this letter of his was going to be printed in the *Times*, and no doubt he thought it a pity that certain carpers should not have the chance of knowing what a real critic (though a German) thought of ALFRED; and so, equally of course, ALFRED included this particular quotation about the "double capacity of statesman and poet" in his reply, and sent it off to the *Times*.

But what beats me about the whole business is the fearful, if unconscious, criticism which this correspondence passes upon us, ALFRED'S fellow-countrymen. Not one of us would have dreamed of thinking or writing of ALFRED as either a statesman or a poet, let alone statesman and poet in combination, so deeply immersed are we in the trivial materialities of life. It is left for a German to set the Laureate on his true pedestal, to proclaim him to the world as the Titan he really is, and to shame our miserable lack of appreciation. It is plain that we must bow our heads and revise our estimates of statesmen and poets.

Did you notice, too, how delicately ALFRED conveyed to us the fact that the great BISMARCK admired him, that the man of blood and iron knew that ALFRED, our own ALFRED, was as good a German as the German Minister of War, and that the founder of the German Empire knew by heart one of ALFRED'S immortal poems entitled "The Challenge Answered"? Where is that poem now? I am panting to read it, to commit it to memory, to recite it to you, Mr. Punch, to try it on everybody, to make it famous instead of forgotten, and thus to bind another chaplet about the already overloaded brow of our statesman-poet.

My dear Mr. Punch, you must, you really must read ALFRED'S letter for yourself. Don't have it read to you, don't be satisfied with excerpts, but read it through without skipping from start to finish. Nothing in this cloud-compelling production is vanity, nothing is conceit. ALFRED does not patronise the memory of BISMARCK; he does not condescendingly pat the present German Emperor on the back; he does not assume an intellectual protectorate of the German nation. If men should impute such faults to ALFRED, he need not defend himself. He can smile the lyrical smile that he learnt from Apollo when he interviewed the god and his attendant muses on the topmost peak of Parnassus; he can nod his head with the awful nod that Jupiter taught him, Jupiter whom he once chanced upon on the summit of Olympus what time the father of gods was reciting "The Challenge Answered" to Mars and the rest of the minor deities. Yes, ALFRED is a statesman and a poet, and the whole world knows what to think of him.

Faithfully yours,
 THE VAGRANT.

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.—The *Daily Telegraph* states that a man who fell asleep on the grass in the Green Park, had his boots half devoured by sheep. Of course, the animals were French and mistook a boot for choux.

ACADEMIC.—Is "Road making" included in the subjects lectured upon by a Professor of Path-ology?



John Tenniel

RELIEVING GUARD.

Mr. Punch (to Guardeman off to Transvaal). GOOD LUCK TO YOU! OUR MILITIA BOY WILL LOOK AFTER US WHILE YOU'RE AWAY."

DARBY JONES REDIVIVUS ON THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

HONOURED SIR,—Like the Lethargic Tortoise or the Hybernating Dormouse, I occasionally rouse myself from the Slumber of Content to browse upon the Verdant Produce of the Turf. I perceive that Mr. JOHN CORLETT bewails the Demise of p.p. wagering. So do many of those who often played but never paid. Meantime the Gem, which coruscated for the Seezerwitch having enabled me to consume a Magnum of Sparkling Parnassus (Cuvée Réservee, Anno Jovis, 1874). I venture under its Magnetic Influence to hymn the following Augury on the great event associated with the county of the Cam. in these lines:—

For the Man who was strapped to a wild circus horse,

I confess I have greater respect Than for *Anxious*. The *Swimming Fowl* must go the course;

And the *Highland Port* some may select.

The *Scoto-Hibernian* may do the trick,

And *Pez à la Hague* be most nigh;

But I think of the basket I'm naming the pick In the *Shark* and the *Creepers on High*.

Such, Honoured Sir, is my little Peep into the Future. May it provide You (and other Honoured and Always-Remembered Patrons) with some of that Winter Keep without which the Best Stabled Editor cannot be expected to celebrate Christmas as heretofore.

Your obedient Henchman and Heeler,
DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I have heartrending accounts of my misguided nephew, ASCOTT HEATH. He has lost his Little All in attempting to run Shakspearian Drama with real horses. I always warned him against entering for the Stratford-on-Avon Handicap. Meantime I am receiving subscriptions for his well-earned Benefit. *Verb. sap.* D. J.

A QUESTION OF SIZE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I notice that the Little Englanders are never tired of calling Great Britain a coward, because she is trying "to crush two little Republics." Well, supposing a Little Englander were stung by two little wasps, what would the Little Englander do? Would he let them sting him again, because he was so much bigger? Do you suppose he would?

Yours in doubt, PHILIP PHAGG *min.*
Eton College.



SCENE FROM A NEW FOOT-BALLET.



PHIL MAY
39

STRANGE VAGARIES OF A PAIR OF MOUSTACHES. SKETCHED IN HOLLAND ON A WINDY DAY.

THE NEW "SPEAKER."

[Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has addressed a very encouraging letter to the young Oxford men who are running the *Speaker*.]

I LOVE my dear *Speaker*

Its views are so fine,
And they all have been moulded
Most wisely on mine.

I love my dear *Speaker*,
Its tone is so high,
And of all politicians
Its idol is I.

I love my dear *Speaker*;
Your scholarly pen
So savours of Isis,
You very young men!
And I note with a pleasure
I will not deny
That in all your opinions
Your idol is I.

I love my dear *Speaker*,

For hasn't it shown
That its views on finance are
Entirely my own?
While the wrath of the Jingo
It dares to defy,
For in policy foreign
Its idol is I.

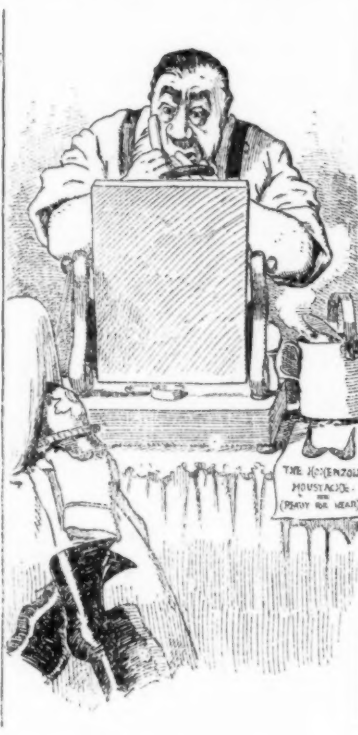
I love my dear *Speaker*,
'Tis the mouthpiece, you see,
Of the Liberal Party
Consisting of me;
So in future, each Friday,
A copy I'll buy
Of this excellent paper
Whose idol is I.

(FLYING) FOX'S MARTYRS.—The Book-makers who took the odds on the Duke of WESTMINSTER's colt for the St. Leger.

HOW TO MAKE A WAR-LORD OUT OF UNPROMISING MATERIAL.



THE RAW MATERIAL.



THE PAINFUL PROCESS.

THE FINISHED ARTICLE.
HOCH! HOCH! HOCH! OR (DUTCH) WORDS TO
THAT EFFECT.

MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATISED NOVELS.

THE CRANKSMAN.

(By H-II C-ne.)

ACT I. SCENE—The ruins of a great reputation in the Isle of Man.

John Storm (showing round party of tourists). Yes. This is a particularly instructive ruin. Dramatic, in fact. The original edifice attracted some attention, and this makes its fall only the more interesting. I should call it a Ruin with a Purpose.

Archdeacon Wealthy. He was a man of letters, I think you said?

John. Yes.

The Archdeacon. Poor fellow!

John (irritably). You mustn't say "Poor fellow" like that. It's not your cue. You represent the full-fed and worldly-wise dignitaries of the Church. That's why your name's WEALTHY. So subtle! The Queen is one of your parishioners. (Aside.) Take off your hat, man. On the stage a statement of that kind is invariably received bare-headed. (Aloud.) You're not heartless enough. Poor fellow, indeed!

The Archdeacon (puzzled). I am sorry if I have said the wrong thing.

Enter Lord STORM, a very new Peer.

Lord S. Ah! Archdeacon, how are you? My son been showing you round the ruins? Quite right. My idea entirely! My son is to become a popular novelist. He can't begin to advertise himself too early. The

puff, the paragraph, the interview. They are all important. You agree with me?

The Archdeacon. I should have thought some literary gift or a sense of style would have been more necessary.

Lord S. You're quite wrong. Advertisement is everything. That's why I insisted on my son showing you round the ruins. Such an opening! (Confidentially.) Perhaps you could paragraph it?

The Archdeacon. I don't understand you.

Lord S. A note, a few lines merely. In one of the Church papers? The Guardian for choice. I rely on you.

JOHN STORM returns after having got rid of his tourists.

John. Father, I cannot become a novelist.

Father LAMPLOUGH says—

Lord S. LAMPLOUGH! Did you say LAMPLOUGH? The Patent Medicine, of course. Cultivate him, JOHN. He might give you some tips about hoardings or sandwich-men.

John. No, no, father. Father LAMPLOUGH is quite a different person. No relation to the firm at all.

Lord S. No relation! Then he's an impostor. What business has a man to take an honoured name like that, and deceive everybody?

John. Perhaps it's his real name, father.

Lord S. Don't tell me! A name like that is worth five thousand a year to a man. Do you mean to tell me he got it for nothing?

John (firmly). Anyhow, I'm not going to write novels.

Lord S. (grimly). Then what are you going to do, pray?

John (hesitating). I think I'm going to be a prophet, father.

Lord S. What, Sir! (Raises his stick.)

John. A prophet. I shall start an almanac like "Old Moore." Don't be angry. It's literary, too, after all.

Lord S. You're a crank, Sir.

John. Why not, father? Half the successful novelists in London are cranks.

Lord S. That's true. (Mollified.) Well, as you are still to embrace a literary calling, I don't mind. I daresay prophecy is a remunerative line. It's next door to preaching, and there's nothing like preaching for a novelist. Couldn't you prophesy under the guise of fiction?

John. My prophecies will be fiction, father. [Exit proudly.]

ACT II. SCENE—The Promenade of a Popular Music Hall. As the Curtain rises, a voice is heard without, singing—

Oh My! Oh Publicity!

Oh Publicity!

Oh Publicity!

Fiction will always be highly prized

If it's sufficiently advertised!

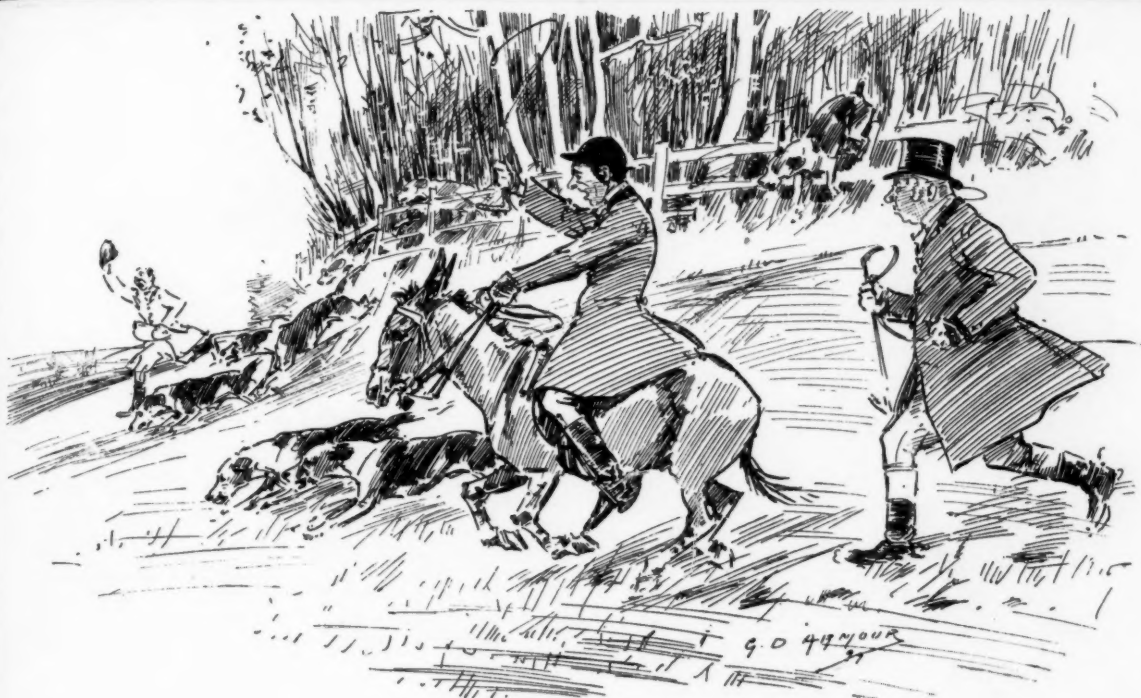
Lord Robert Ure. Bravo! bravo!

Horatio Drake. Isn't she splendid? So refined!

Lord Storm (ecstatically). What's her name?

Drake. GLORY QUAYLE.

Lord Storm. GLORY QUAYLE! What a name for the top line of a Bill!



AWFUL RESULT OF THE WAR!

A Dream of Mr. Punch's Sporting Correspondent.

[“Mr. ARTHUR WILSON, Master of the Holderness Hunt, has received an intimation from the War Office that, in consequence of the war with the Transvaal, ten of his horses will be required.”—*Daily Paper.*]

Lord Robert. So your son thinks.

Lord Storm. My son?

Lord Robert (in his graceful way). Prophet JOHN. She's his new craze. He's a crank, and the music-hall stage is his latest fad. Prophet JOHN!

Lord Storm. You needn't sneer. You write his prophecies, you know.

Lord Robert. Quite true. John's no literary sense, and no imagination. I supply both. I've prophesied the end of the world for to-night.

Lord Storm. I say. You oughtn't to have done that, you know. A prophet should never be precise about dates. It gives him away.

Lord Robert. Not a bit. The almanac's gone through fifty editions on the strength of that prophecy.

Lord Storm. But if the world doesn't come to an end?

Lord Robert. Why then every one will be immensely relieved.

Enter JOHN and GLORY QUAYLE.

John. Father, let me introduce to you my future wife.

Lord Storm (stormily). Your future wife!

John. Yes. Miss GLORY QUAYLE.

Lord Storm (relieved). My dear young lady! JOHN, I congratulate you. (Aside.) What an advertisement! A music-hall singer. Crank, indeed! JOHN's a genius!

ACT III. SCENE—The Athenæum Club. As soon as the Curtain rises a skirt dance is given by one of the members, followed by an exhibition of boxing by two others.

The Archdeacon. I had no idea the Athenæum went in for this sort of thing. They never used to.

Lord Storm. Must move with the times, Archdeacon. It advertises the club, you know. A literary club can't live nowadays without advertisement any more than a literary man. It was my son's idea.

Enter JOHN and GLORY.

The Archdeacon. They admit ladies, too? Lord Storm. For the sake of the paragraphs in the ladies' papers.

The Archdeacon (shocked, apostrophising the club). I will never darken your doors again. [Exit.]

John. Good evening, father.

Lord Storm. Good evening, JOHN. GLORY, you look charming. (Anxiously.) I hope your dress will be described in the illustrated papers?

John. Trust me for that. I may be a cranksman, but for “booming” I don't know my equal. I have had it photographed, and sent copies to all of them.

Lord Storm. And how does the prophesying go on?

John. Pretty well. We sold fifty editions of the last almanac.

Lord Storm. Weren't the public annoyed when your last prophecy didn't come true? You said the world would come to an end yesterday.

John. They were rather. So absurd of them! It isn't as if they wanted the world to come to an end. They ought to have considered me a public benefactor. But they didn't.

Lord Storm. They won't pay much attention to your prophecies in the future.

John. I don't mind. I've sold the almanac to a company. JOHN STORM, Limited. Good name, eh?

Lord Storm. But what are you going to do now?

John. I? Oh, I'm going to write a play.

Lord Storm. JOHN, you're a genius, positively a genius!

John. I always said I was, father.

CURTAIN.

A LEGAL TENDER.

WHEREAS I do respect, revere,
Love, honour and adore thee;
Whereas I long to plead, my dear,
In re myself before thee;
Whereas for thee my heart doth beat
With passion never-waning,
I offer thee said heart, my sweet,
With all thereto pertaining.

That is to say, *videlicet*—

A brief that never came, dear,
Likewise the fee, unsettled yet,
Belonging to the same, dear,
Together with some cases—no,
Not legal—these were made for
Champagne, but emptied long ago
And, like the first, unpaid for.

Aforesaid assets, with whate'er
Besides belongs to me, love,
I hereby promise I will share
Without reserve, with thee, love.
That is my case. For Pity's sake,
Decide it not at random,
But think it over fairly, take
It, dear, *ad avisandum*.



Desperate Householder writes out advertisement:—"TO BE DISPOSED OF, A MONKEY. VERY COMICAL AND PLAYFUL. LIVELY COMPANION; FULL OF FUN. WOULD EXCHANGE FOR GOLD FISH, OR ANYTHING USEFUL."

TO AN IRISH FIELD-CORNET.

[In a letter of regret for absence, addressed to a meeting in Dublin of which the object was, according to the *Freeman's Journal*, to express the hope that "God may prosper the Boer," Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P., wrote: "The war comes rather under the category of murder for the purposes of robbery."]

AIR—SHELLEY'S "To Night."

SWIFTLY come over the southern wave,
Spirited Knight!
Out of thy curious emerald "cave,"
Where all day long in the law's despite
Prayers for their Oom my lovers lift,
Come like a swallow, and O so swift,
SWIFT, be thy flight.

Wrap thy form in a banner of green,
Jaeger-wrought;
Do, for the airs of the veld are keen,
Take of thy precious health good thought;
O and between thy extra shawls
Put in a harp from Tara's halls,
High-toned and taut.

When I arose and read the news,
I longed for thee;
As the early worm laps up the dews,
I drank thy phrases cool and free;
Thy "Robbery under Arms" I read,
And knew the veteran's touch and said:
"MACNEILL for me!"

DAVITT, no doubt, has sworn to die
Hot spurs on heel;

I felt the brave O'BRIEN's eye
Stabbing the air like German steel;
I heard NAPOLEON-REDMOND's hide
Bristle for Oom; but Oom replied:
"Give me MACNEILL!"

If I can tell a lion of war
By his bow-wow,
Thou art the man for my Irish corps,
SWIFT, here is none but thee (or thou?);
Thews of the warrior-born are thine,
Thou hast the cornet's martial sign
Stamped on thy brow!

Better to draw thy final breath
Here in a drift,
If thou art anyhow bent on death
By Saxon rope or bullet-rift!
So, lest thou die like a pariah dog
And haunt the pit of thy native bog,
Come SWIFT, SWIFT!

A SUGGESTION FOR MR. HENNIKER-HEATON, M.P.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that I note
Signor MARCONI's wireless telegraphy has
proved such a success, why not go a step
further and invent a system for posting
letters without stamps? Think what a
priceless boon this would be to many im-
poverished persons, including

Yours respectfully,
MARTHA MCGUBBIN.

Haggis Mount, Peebles, N.B.

THE BRITISH VESTRYMAN.

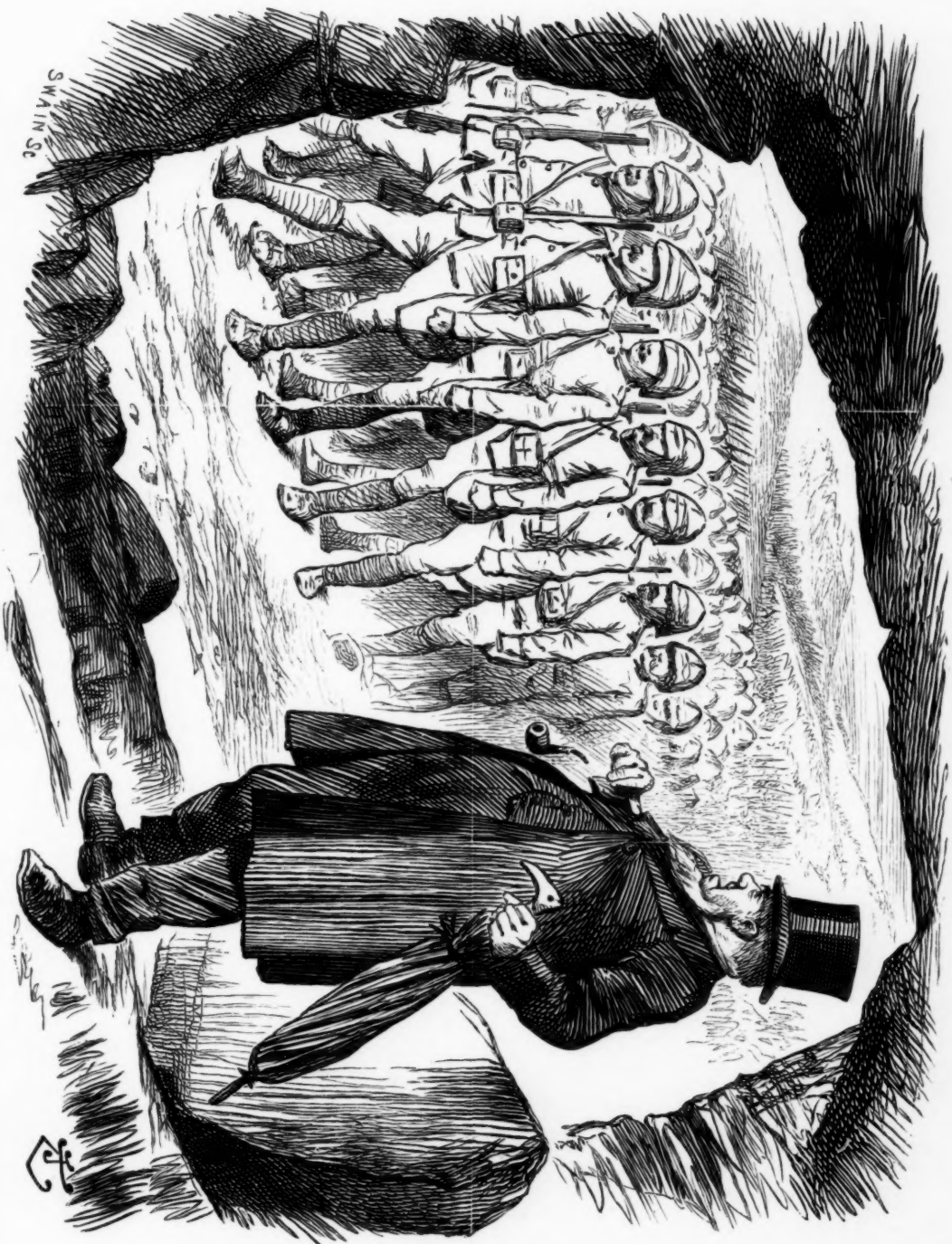
["You never know," remarked a Camberwell Vestryman, "when you leave your wife and family to come here whether you will ever see them again. It is almost as bad as going into battle."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

SOME talk of REDVERS BULLER,
And some of GEORGIE WHITE,
They say these are the fellows
To give Oom PAUL a fright;
But of all the world's brave heroes
There's none that's braver than
(Sing, what a jolly row-row!)
The British Vestryman.

At duty's call we fall to
And bash each others' hats,
We spar and fight together
Like any dogs and cats;
While all the gay spectators
Who do the battle scan,
Sing, what a jolly row-row
For the British Vestryman!

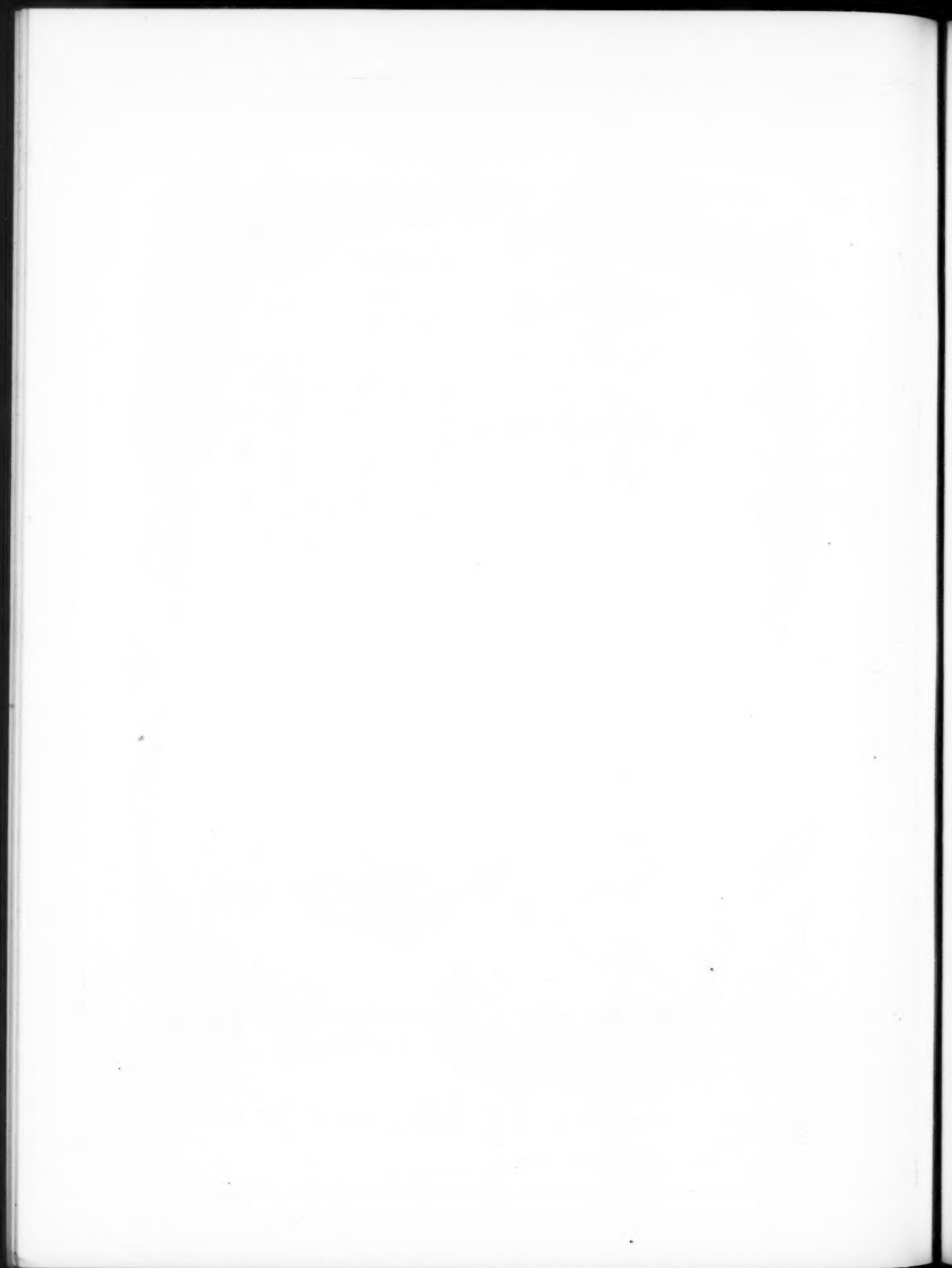
And when the fight is over
We to the pub. go then;
The urchins cry hurrah! boys,
Here come the Vestrymen!
Here come the Vestrymen, my boys!
My! ain't they cripples when
They've had a jolly row-row,
Them British Vestrymen?

KRUGER CRYSTALLIZED.—*Vox et Pretoria nihil.*



KRÜPPER'S VISION.

"WHAT, WILL THE 'THIN RED' LINE STRETCH OUT TO THE CRACK OF LOOM?"—*Macbeth*, Act IV., Scene I.



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The *P. and O. Pocket Book* is a small volume on a great theme. It sets forth the history, and throws light on the domestic economy, of a commercial fleet of which the Empire may well be proud. Incidentally it supplies in a nutshell much valuable information for voyagers. There are excellent maps, many picturesque photogravures of ships and ports, and a supplement of blank sheets for private notes. Half a dozen descriptive articles deal with the various countries between which the palatial *P. and O.* liners pass to and fro, shuttles on the loom of the world. Thus STANLEY LANE-POOLE writes on Egypt, Sir EDWIN ARNOLD on India, Sir THOMAS WADE on China, and HENRY W. LUCY on Japan. Far away the most interesting contribution is that wherein Sir THOMAS SUTHERLAND, Chairman of the Company, relates its history. As he has practically made it during the prosperous epoch of the last twenty-five years, he is well qualified for the task. The first ship owned by the *P. and O.* Company was the *William Fawcett*, built in 1829, of 206 gross tonnage; the last is the *Persia*, whose structure of 8,000 tons is now approaching completion on the stocks. Between the launching of these two vessels there lies a field of achievement possible only to dauntless courage, tireless patience, infinite resources of mind and money. There are few cases (there is a parallel in the *White Star Line*) wherein, with full acknowledgment made to capable and loyal colleagues, the success of a vast enterprise is so directly traceable to an individual, as by common consent it is with the *Peninsular and Oriental Company*. The Chairman has his most cherished reward in the prosperity of the concern of which, for nearly a quarter of a century, he has been the guiding hand. There is one delicate little fashion in which his colleagues on the Board might give expression to the esteem and admiration they in common with the staff and officers are not slow to express in private conversation. They should christen the next new ship *Lady Sutherland*.

Whose Deed, by HADLEY-WELFORD (JARROLD AND SONS). The best criticism of this book is *Hamlet's* commentary on the light literature in *Elsinore Castle*—"Words, words, words." Had the author allowed one person instead of six to tell the story, had he omitted epilogue and prologue, and condensed the whole to magazine length, it would have made a very passable detective story.

The story, as told by VIOLET HUNT, entitled *The Human Interest* (METHUEN), begins well and brightly, but as it goes on the active-minded Baron is of opinion that there is plenty of exercise for the practised skipper who knows the ropes. The Baron does not regret that he has no time to spare for skipping.

No more fascinating modern romance, replete with stirring adventures by sea and land, can the Baron at the present moment recommend to his clients who take him as their guide, philosopher, and friend, than *A Sailor's Bride* (F. V. WHITE & Co.), by GUY BOOTHBY. It is the story of a successful failure, for had the hero succeeded in the mission with which he was entrusted by the Admiral, all the adventures that followed on the disastrous result of his attempt to obey his superior officer's



A GAIN OF THREE.

Vicar's Daughter (showing Parishioner new Harmonium). "IT HAS ONLY TWO STOPS, JOHN. BUT EVEN THAT WILL BE A GREAT IMPROVEMENT TO THE SINGING."

John. "THAT IT WILL, MISS. FOWER OR FIVE STOPS HAS BIN T' AVERAGE OF LATE!"

command would never, in this form at least, have occurred to the fertile brain of the nautical author, whose breezy style and perfect mastery of his sea-going (literary) craft do not allow the reader a chance of being wearied by so much as a dull half second. No "skippers" aboard Commodore BOOTHBY'S fast sailing clipper. Highly recommended by

THE BARON DE B.-W.



[“It has been discovered that JULIUS CÆSAR edited a newspaper.”—*Daily Paper*.]

IMPORTANT BASO-RELIEVO, SHOWING THE GREAT EDITOR DISPATCHING HIS SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT TO THE SEAT OF WAR.



First Bystander. "AH! THEY BE NOBLE BOYS, THEM SODJERS, GOIN' AN DYIN' FOR THEIR COUNTRY."
 Second Bystander. "SHURE, AN' ISN'T THAT THE WAY THEY MAKE THEIR LIVIN'?"

LES ALLIÉS DU BRAVE KRÜGER.

À Monsieur Punch.

MONSIEUR, — Le vaillant, l'invincible MAX RÉGIS, l'illustre exilé chassé d'Alger par les infâmes mouchards de l'ignoble LOUBET, quittera bientôt Barcelone pour se rendre à Pretoria. Et non seulement lui, mais aussi quelques rédacteurs de son admirable journal. Un régiment de rédacteurs sous les ordres de RÉGIS, régisseur de la régie et du régime du régiment.

Et vous, brigands britanniques, qu'est-ce que vous espérez faire au Transvaal? Vous envoyez un certain général, qui est même plus qu'un JEAN BULL, c'est un BULLER. Ah, voyez-vous, je comprends votre langue effroyable et grotesque! Eh bien, vous avez beau envoyer un BULLER, ou même un BULLEST, tout ce qu'il y a de plus superlatif, car MAX RÉGIS se battra à côté des simples et honnêtes paysans du Transvaal. Vivent les Boers! Tremblez infâmes insulaires, ignobles boutiquiers, amis des boursiers hébraïques, esclaves de JOSEPH CHAMBERLAINE et de SICILE RHODE!

Vous avez beau envoyer toute votre misérable petite armée, y comprise même votre Armée du Salut du Général BOOT, car vous les perdrez, toutes les deux, sans avoir le temps de prononcer le nom de JEAN ROBINSON, le millionnaire sud-africain dont vous parlez de cette façon bizarre. Et MAX RÉGIS, installé là-bas et nommé directeur en chef des mines d'or, deviendra encore plus richissime que l'infâme RHODE lui-même, qui a gagné pas mal d'argent à force d'être patriote. Et moi, TROPFORT,

seul patriote de la France, moi aussi je deviendrai riche en partageant le butin.

Il n'y a qu'un moyen pour vous sauver, pauvre bossu du Flet Stret. Envoyez vos rédacteurs, vos gérants, vos collabora-



THEIR SAFE INVESTMENT.

MAMMA HAS BEEN FOOLISH ENOUGH TO GIVE THE CHILDREN SIXPENCE TO SPEND IN SWEETS, AND THIS IS THEIR SAFE INVESTMENT.

teurs, vos commis, tous vos employés au Transvaal, comme régiment de journalistes anglais. Mais vous n'osez pas. Les journalistes de l'Angleterre écrivent; les journalistes de la France se battent. Vive la France! Vive la Presse française!

Allez-vous promener, vieux farceur du Flet Stret! MAX RÉGIS écrasera bientôt l'insupportable orgueil des bandits d'Outre-Manche. Tremblez, ignoble bossu! Chantez, si vous voulez, comme tous vos odieux compatriotes, le God Save et le Roule Bretagne, chantez avec eux, tas de fous et de sots, mais tremblez quand même!
 HENRI TROPFORT.

POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Teacher (thinking to improve the shining hour). What is the capital of the Orange Free State?

Smart Boy (without hesitation). Belfast, Sir.

QUITE A NOVELTY. — The Sketch, for October 18, invented it. It gave a photograph of Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH and described it as Mr. DION BOCCICAULT, while an excellent portrait of Mr. DION BOCCICAULT, at page 583, did duty for Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH, lessee of the Court Theatre. Funny idea for new set of "puzzle-portraits;" give various portraits with any names underneath, and offer a prize to any one spotting the original of the portrait.

TUM-TUM BULLETS.—P*lls.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday Night, October 17.—PRINCE ARTHUR never so charming in manner as when accident of his position leads him to disclaim personal knowledge of questionable things. Example forthcoming to-night. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, in debate on Address in reply to Speech from Throne, began by uncompromisingly ranging himself on side of Government in resisting Boer invasion of British Colonies. Enthusiastic cheering from Ministerialists reminded him what would be expected by section of his own following. As the member for SARK says, finger of Providence plainly visible in selecting for Leader of Liberal Opposition as at present constituted a gentleman with double-barrelled name. CAWMELL having patted Ministers on the back, BANNERMAN, coming up in front, lands his right fist in unpleasant propinquity to their unresponsive countenance. So, as in the concluding scene of *Box and Cox*, "every one is satisfied."

To-night, having declared that it is "the plain duty of us all" to resist the invading Boer, C.-B. went on to accuse the Government of bluffing.

"Bluffing? What's bluffing?" PRINCE ARTHUR whispered to DON JOSÉ, seated on his left.

"Oh," said Colonial Secretary, "it's something to do with a game of cards. Poker, I think. Consult the Attorney-General. That's what he's here for, you know."

"What's poker?" PRINCE ARTHUR asked, turning towards the Attorney-General seated at the other side.

"Poker?" said Sir RICHARD, whose long residence in Paris in connection with the Venezuelan case has distinctly affected his accent. "It is a domestic implement. *Tisonnier* we call it in Paris, sometimes *fourgon*."

"Tut!" said PRINCE ARTHUR impatiently.

Fortunately, addressing inquiry to eminent authority, he leaned across GEORGE WYNDHAM, seated immediately on his right. Under-Secretary for War not

**BANNERMAN EXHORTETH CAMPBELL.**

Friend Bannerman (of the Antagonist's Protection Society). "Oh-h-h! my dear friend, beware of unseemly terulence. He not, I beseech you, led astray from the paths of Peace."

Campbell, V.C. "Oh! that's all right, old cockalorum, but flesh and blood wouldn't stand that ultimatum, you know, and we must give the beggars a licking."

**THE DEFENCE OF JOE'S DRIFT.**

He gives a good account of himself for two hours and forty minutes under a withering fire.

been at Pall Mall for best part of a year without learning desirability of being armed at all points.

"Never know what sudden call may not be made upon you, dear TOBY," he once said. "My motto is, 'Be ready.' So never miss opportunity of picking up bits of information, however out of the way."

Rule now stood him in good stead. Able to explain to his chief all about poker, supplying him with what proved most effective point in admirable debating speech.

"What is bluffing?" PRINCE ARTHUR said, when his turn came to reply to CAWMELL-BANNERMAN. "I understand," he shyly continued, deprecatingly rubbing his hands and hanging his head, "it is connected with a game of cards—of which I have no personal knowledge—and so used indicates that the person having no useful cards in his hands acts as if he possessed them."

That was a mild paraphrase of GEORGE WYNDHAM's explanation. Combined with the subtle attitude of shrinking from actual touch with an unholy thing, it might have been spoken from a Methodist



'A STRAW SHOWS,' &c.

Governess. "YOU'RE A VERY NAUGHTY BOY, HAROLD! YOUR FRENCH EXERCISE IS SIMPLY FULL OF MISTAKES."

Harold (firmly). "I DON'T CARE, MISS ROBINSON. THE FACT IS THAT MAGGIE, GERALD, AND I HAVE QUITE AGREED TO BOYCOTT FRENCH LESSONS ALTOGETHER!"

pulpit. All the more effectively it led up to the next sentence.

"That is not the condition of this country," PRINCE ARTHUR continued, drawing himself up to full height, and gazing with glowing eyes round the crowded House. "We have the cards and we mean to play them."

Tumult of applause rewarded as fine a flash of unpremeditated point in debate seen in House since DIZZY left us.

Business done.—Parliament met for War Session. Pro-Boer amendment to Address negatived in full House by majority of six to one.

Thursday.—House crowded from floor to topmost range of seats in Strangers' Gallery. Peers flocking early, fight for places just as if they were common mortals. Members crowding side galleries two rows deep complete the ring. Is it a bull-fight? No. This isn't Boulogne. Nevertheless evidently a fight to the fore. You can see expectation gleaming in the eyes of the throng, can hear the undertone of battle in the buzz of conversation that fills the place.

Preliminaries concluded, DON JOSÉ is discovered standing at the Table, a blood-red orchid in his button-hole, a suspicious look of urbanity on his countenance. At last the moment has come when he can meet his enemy in the gate. For months his meek head has bowed under a storm of accusation and insinuation. Now he is going to have it out.

Starts with the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, an ancient and accustomed adversary. Every one expects forthwith to see the fur fly. On the contrary, to the amazement of

all, the undisguised perturbation of the SQUIRE, he pats him affectionately on the back, holds him up as an exemplar of the art of fair criticism, extols his speech of yesterday, as worthy of himself and the occasion.

"I suspect the Greeks when they bring gifts," the SQUIRE murmured in JOHN MORLEY'S ear.

This was, surely, the prelude to an exceptionally bitter attack. It was; but not on the SQUIRE. Turning aside DON JOSÉ fell upon CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, contrasting his really piratical behaviour with the innocency of the SQUIRE. C-B. startled into almost angry contradiction. Having made him moderately uncomfortable, DON JOSÉ turned to another quarter. Yesterday PHILIPPE EGALITÉ STANHOPE, who since the South Africa Committee reported has been nursing his wrath to keep it warm, let himself go. Rarely since impeachment went out of fashion has House listened to charges brought against a Minister with the engaging frankness that marked the speech of PHILIPPE EGALITÉ. Now it was DON JOSÉ'S turn, and he lashed out at his former friend and colleague in Radical councils in terrible anger. All the same he kept himself well in hand. His utterance rather slower than more rapid: only a tendency to import a hissing sound into some of the epithets he flung at his accuser testified to the molten heat below.

The SQUIRE OF MALWOOD set up on high, C-B. having had his hat beaten over his brows, and PHILIPPE EGALITÉ ground to powder, the Colonial Secretary turned to the defence of a Ministry responsible for engaging the country

in a war their ex-Solicitor-General denounced as "a crime against civilisation." For three hours less twenty minutes DON JOSÉ spoke. The time does not accurately describe the flood of words poured forth. When he had finished the personal encounters, through the heat of which he imposed on himself restraint of utterance, his delivery far exceeded the average speed.

As a mere physical effort it was a marvel. Unlike the ordinary speaker with half an hour before him, DON JOSÉ had not made provision even of a glass of water. An intricate case of vital national interest, it would tax the resources of a supremely able man to set it forth clearly and convincingly in an ordered speech free from the embarrassment of interruption. DON JOSÉ with his back to the wall was fighting subject to constant surprises. Interruption burst forth from all quarters, sometimes in chorus. He might have ignored it, and gone on with a speech whose course was indicated by the notes held in his hand. On the contrary, he joyously stepped forward to deal with successive assailants. No one touched his shield with angry lance without drawing on himself a stroke of the glittering rapier. All the while, returning time after time one of these sorties, he patiently, effectively elaborated his plan of defence.

"A great speech," PRINCE ARTHUR called it. So it was; a speech which, standing alone, would make a lasting reputation in the House of Commons.

Business done.—Address carried. PHILIPPE EGALITÉ'S hostile amendment negatived by 362 votes against 135.

Friday Night.—Whilst GEORGE WYNDHAM was moving the Army Estimates, involving charge of eight millions for the Field Force landed in South Africa, you could almost hear the echo of the guns in far-off Glencoe. Time after time messengers arrived bringing despatches. The story of War Office preparation was interrupted whilst the Minister read this prompt and striking commentary on its success.

Piecemeal the story grew through the sitting, culminating in the sad news of gallant SYMONS' mortal hurt. Before that was reached it was known that there had been in South Africa another intrenchment on a hill counted inaccessible; another resistless rush of armed men up its steep; another fight at the top; another flight down the slopes. But this time the hill was not Majuba.

Business done.—Men and money voted for South African Expedition.

The War-Horse.

[“Ten animals have been taken from the stables of the London Road Car Company by the War Office.”—*Daily Mail*.]

THE road-car horse to the war is gone,
Now in martial ranks you will find him,
To heavy guns he is harnessed on,
And his 'bus is left behind him.

AMONG THE TURNIPS.

Timpkinson (eagerly, to Keeper). I know I hit that bird, anyhow. Didn't you see its feathers fly, ROGERS?

Rogers (who is very disgusted—slowly). Yes, Sir, I did see 'em fly—(aside)—away from you.